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## HYDROPHOBIA STATISTICS.

A number of gentlemen have associated themselves for the purpose of establishing in this city an institute specially devoted to bacteriology, and have sent out an appeal for co-operation and assistance. It is to be known as the New York Bacteriological Institute, and Dr. PAUL GIBBS, who has a hospital in West Tenth street for the treatment of hydrophobia, is to preside over it. The successful treatment of hydrophobia in New York has been given as the main reason for the establishment of the institute, and the appeal says:

Dr. PAUL GIBBS (late pupil of Prof. PASTEUR and his collaborator, Dr. KOCN) opened in New York an institute for the study of contagious diseases and the preventive treatment of hydrophobia, and since Feb. 15, 1890, to date nearly two hundred persons bitten by rabid dogs and dogs supposed to be rabid have been successfully treated at the institute, while during this time about thirty deaths from hydrophobia of persons not treated have been reported from different parts of the United States. Great fire has been called for treatment as a precaution, all requiring more or less attention, some cases remaining a month or more.

These statistics are interesting. It appears that in a year thirty deaths from hydrophobia have taken place in the United States. As there are forty-four States over which the Stars and Stripes float there must have been at least four deaths in each State. We give a case apiece to each of the other New York States, only one claim as yet has been made. One hydrophobia death in the period given.

Now, Prof. GIBBS takes credit for the treatment of seven hundred cases, two hundred of which, it is claimed, he saved from death. According to the statistics, only one of these could have died any way, and the remaining one hundred and ninety-nine would have recovered even if they had not been injected. The other five hundred were just treated by way of precaution.

The objects of the New York Bacteriological Institute are praiseworthy. The appeal says that it will be devoted to the study and treatment of hydrophobia, diphtheria and other contagious diseases. Perhaps if it were established some very interesting experiments might be made, and experiment is the road to knowledge. But its originators should advance slowly and with care, and be not led away by imaginary results. Cures by bacteria injection are in their infancy, and its efficacy is not yet certainly established.

## BEGIN IT.

The Grant Monument Fund Committee has applied for permission to begin the work of laying the foundations for that memorial, and leave to make borings has been given. Only half the sum required for the Monument has been subscribed. But the policy of beginning the work and trusting to future contributions for the money needed is a good one. In a city where millionaires are counted by the score it is necessary for a memorial to raise the funds necessary for a memorial to one of the most prominent figures in an epochal period of the country's existence.

Experience has shown that it is not easy. But it is comparatively sure. Slowly, laboriously, almost grudgingly, the money for such a purpose filters into the fund. But it will come without doubt, and to have the work going on in the mean time is a very good thing.

## SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS.

New York always believed that it was possible to have its streets kept clean. The irritating combination of a Department especially for this purpose and unmitigatedly dirty streets was too great a strain on the weary citizen. Finally the Mayor appointed a Committee of business and professional men to supervise a plan for street cleaning.

It has been tried with grateful success. The streets have been cleaned. That is enough. If they can be cleaned, they should be cleaned. The expense of doing it should be minimized, but if it costs a little more to achieve this result, that little more must be paid. It is cheaper than paying what we do now and not getting clean streets.

The fact that the experiment has proven a success is cause for satisfaction. When the people fairly buckle down to getting a thing they usually get it. But it takes a good while, frequently, to rouse them to the bucking down point.

## ENCOURAGING.

The Secretary of the World's Fair Committee on Ceremonies has sent a letter to every State announcing that the formal dedication of the Exposition Building will take place in October, 1892.

That is slightly in the future. At this present Chicago is momentarily contemplating an estimate of \$10,000,000 for the construction of buildings for the Fair and wondering where she is going to get the money.

The privilege of having the World's Fair is one that the Lake City does not regard with such childlike delight now as in the hour in which she won it. The money has been secured. And how will the buildings be erected? And Chicago not only has the money, but hasn't yet devised a scheme for securing it.

Congress will hardly drop several mil-

## THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fashions and Fancies That Delight the Gentler Sex.

Tea Gown With China Cape Shawl—The Hall Man and His Guest—Director—Novelties in Silver—Dresses for Little Girls.

THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT HAS GOT TO BE

prorogued. At least that is the view taken by the People's Municipal League, which got up in its grave clothes last night and formed a permanent organization. A beautiful platform and a carefully prepared constitution and by-laws were adopted.

Home rule is to be one of the chief planks in the platform, which means perhaps that the candidate imported from Jersey or Long Island is to be encouraged. There will be an Executive Committee of fifteen to guard against "perverting the objects of the movement by any schemes of insidious foes." No member of the League may take office, and it holds itself free to support the candidates of any political organization or to nominate candidates of its own. Contributions will be cheerfully received.

The Indian delegates to Washington are disgusted with results of their mission. That they find President HARRISON a "funny little man" reflects creditably on the Indian's sense of proportion. YOUNG MAN-AT-ARMS-HIS HORSES has a special grievance. He says his name is YOUNG MAN-AT-ARMS-HIS HORSES. This name of course is a little more easily. In the mean time, after their long journey and palaver, forty discontented Sioux are returning to their people. Cut bono?

The old "Court House" in Norwich Town Green has been bought for \$30 by a farmer, who is going to trade it off to his farm and use it for a henery. One of the voices of patriotic colonists echoed within its walls. Now the parous cock will greet the dawn and the gurgling hen cluck over her new-laid egg within its venerable walls. Thus do we reverse our roles.

The ex-Empress EUGENIE is in Paris. What bitter reflections must be hers in the gay city in which she was once the cynosure not only of the town but of the world at large. Then, Empress, beautiful, with her Imperial husband and gracious boy. Now, dethroned, widow, her boy dead, and the radiance of her charms vanished like a dream. Poor EUGENIE.

A swell young heiress of this city having attained her eighteenth year has been granted an income of \$10,000 as necessary for her fitting maintenance. One item of annual expenditure is \$125 for dentistry. It would be cheaper for the young woman to have her teeth drawn and get a false set. But probably she does not regard her teeth from a purely economical standpoint.

No fire-escapes on a tenement-house, an alarm-bell out of order, a careless baker in the basement and a woman and four children burned to a coal. In such a statement of fact comment is unnecessary. The blame is too evident and the responsibility too clearly placed. Cannot such criminal neglect be punished at least? There should be enough sense of right for that.

The polygamist man is rarely offset by the polyandrous woman. This may be construed into a compliment to the fair sex. But a woman has lately turned up with five husbands. These must be a lively time in that family!

The citizens of a Florida town have lynched two desperadoes. Justice in that tropical State has a terrible glow. But it probably has a hygienic effect on the locality.

## SPOTLIGHTS.

The Brooklyn merchants whose plate glass windows were scratched by some wretch will not want us to "pass the plate" again.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jay Astor are going to have a new trial tour. They yacht.

Woodward says there was no danger of anybody taking his "grape" by mistake the past week.

"Chute, Luce, or give up the toboggan."

The kittens grapple and tumble around the litter and are as much as to say: "Must be a time for a wonder."

The Kit-Kat Club ought to be a false organization.

A clothes-line that stretches over a yard doesn't show that it has so much utility thereby.

What a mean thing it is to try and home a "kitten man!"

Tearing artificial teeth is putting undue value on what is false.

The musical amateurs are going to meet and try to elab themselves. It will be a nice club.

## Coming Events.

Ball of the Young Club at Lexington Avenue Opera-House and Terrace Garden tomorrow night.

Ball of the employees of Banner Brothers at Arlington Hall to 25 St. Mark's place, next Monday evening.

## A Stickup for Form.

From the American Traveller.  
Gentlemen—And why don't you go to work? Tramp—Cause I ain't never been invited!

## A Frugal Mind.

From the Epoke.  
Brose—Blodgers is very economical and never wastes anything, I believe.  
Howe—Yes, he always takes any rough mixture that his horses have over.

## An Empty Threat.

From the American Traveller.  
If you insist on breaking our engagement, Miss Ficken, I shall make your letters public.  
You are welcome to do so, Mr. Scamper; there is nothing in them that I am ashamed of, except the address.

## A Favorable Indication.

From the American Traveller.  
Gentle—What makes you think so?  
He has sold the dog.

## Might Have Been Worse.

From the American Traveller.  
Husband—I'm sorry that burglar got your watch last night, my dear, but I hope you lost it. What's that?  
Wife—What's that?  
Husband—He didn't wake up the baby.

## THE CLEANER.

I am credibly informed that the Tammany chiefs attempted to settle the contest for leadership in the Eighth Assembly District by giving the organization there in charge of a man who was not looking for the preformation. William Smith, of 25 Stanton street, is said to be the man to whom the offer of leadership was made. Mr. Smith is wealthy and was a close and confidential friend of the late leader, George Hall. He refused the offer, as he did not care for the responsibilities and cares attached to the position.

Russell Harrison, who has come to New York to attend Gen. Sherman's funeral to-day, adopted a very unusual method of preparation for that solemn event. He visited Niblo's Garden last night and revelled in the songs and dances of Rachel Booth, Adele Martinetti's Spanish dancers, and the other variety pictures of indescribable "Noah's Ark." Manager Alexander conducted a busy time looking after the interesting visitor, whose presence the audience did not even suspect. To the simple and ingenuous citizen it will seem rather odd that the son of the Nation's President on the eve of publicly mourning the death of George Washington should find pleasure in attending a variety show, poor passer in tempo.

I find this in the Philadelphia Times, in a column of gossiping echoes of the Astor-Willing wedding: "Any one who saw unfamiliar faces on Chestnut or Walnut streets after yesterday afternoon—big, good-looking fellows, stylishly dressed and clipper-built young women with well-dressed gowns, a good deal of ease and assurance and a somewhat Parisian air, may set it down that they were some of the New York contingent left over." Does this amount to a confession that Quakerism has so few big, good-looking, stylishly dressed fellows and clipper-built young women of her own?

Gen. John Cochrane, the venerable Police Justice and Chairman of the Tammany Hall General Committee, is a grandson of Admiral Cochrane, of the Continental navy. He has in his possession a letter of instruction from George Washington, as Commander-in-Chief of the land and naval forces, directing the disposition of the little fleet under the Admiral's command. The General prices this letter of the Father of his Country very highly.

The Kit-Kat Club, which is doing so much for the good of art in its night and Sunday classes, has an special attraction announced, 1, for the next "smoke night," Saturday evening, Feb. 28, Mr. Lewis Fraser, Art Manager of the Century Magazine, is then to give a talk on "Illustration and Reproductive Processes." There will be on the same occasion an exhibition of drawings and studies from life by some of the best of American painters. The Club and its members are among newspaper men from the fact that many newspaper artists find benefit in its classes.

Work in the city departments must be very depressing. Everybody in authority apparently has to have from two to half a dozen vacation annually. Mayor Grant has just got back from his monthly outing, and now Commissioner Gilroy is going to take a trip to Bermuda "for pleasure and relaxation." There is nothing like system.

The following Club held its annual election last night and elected these officers: President, John W. Alexander; Vice-President, Chester S. Lord; Secretary, Frederick C. Mortimer; Treasurer, S. S. Carvalho; and Governor for three years, W. Lewis Fraser. Henry Loomis Nelson and Charles A. Watson, Governor for three years, Kemper Bookout. Mr. George William Carls was elected an honorary member. The Club's financial condition was shown to be better than ever before. During the last year dry-gumme new members joined and only nineteen dropped out, showing a gain of forty in the membership. The next monthly dinner will take place on the evening of Feb. 23, which will be one of the events in the Club's history, and among the speakers will be the following: Mr. George William Carls, Assistant Secretary of the District Attorney, Mitchell, Abram S. Hewitt, Mr. Reinhart, Mr. Vickers and Bill Nye.

Charles Newman, Janitor of Judge Goldie's Fifth District Court in this city, was one of a batch of law clerks made by the General Term of the Supreme Court in Brooklyn, last Thursday. Newman is a Tammany Hall politician in the Twelfth District and his fellow politicians in the Eleventh Ward are asking him where and when he studied law.

Admiral David Dixon Porter, whose remains have just been laid to rest in the cemetery at Arlington, was very fond of a practical joke. James J. McInerney, Assistant Clerk in the City Court on this side, who was once treated on the inhabitants of Sydney, N.S.W., during the Crimean war. Porter was captain of the old Pacific Mail steamship Golden Age, and sailed into the harbor of Sydney about the time a P. and O. steamer was expected with news of the news of the battle of Tientsin. A vessel was taken for the P. and O. steamer, and boats went out to meet him. To the anxious question, "Has Sebastian fallen?" the Admiral answered that he had, and so he was hailed as a hero. He knew when he got on duty that the number of guests expected, and when the arrivals exceed that number he sends word to the master of ceremonies, who at once tells the chef and wires the caterer to supply. Only enough, however, as to be able to keep them in order and company together. Either for gotten friends are invited after the caterer has his final instructions, or presuming on their friendship, the guests bring with them whatever victuals or celebrities may be in the hands of their respective hosts. At all events people of social prominence have been sent out perhaps cards for 100 will find 200 guests under their roof when supper is announced. If it is not the case, the chef and the caterer at the front door some very embarrassing situation might befall even the 400.

Low-necked dresses to be worn over gumpies by small girls of three to eight years are made of gingham or of white muslin, with a round waist either plain or plaited, or else gathered to a belt, the half-neck cut round or square, and most often without sleeves, the armholes having merely a hint of embroidery like that falling around the neck. These frills are of white muslin or cambric two inches and a half wide, with merely a scalloped edge, and very slight pattern along the scallops, leaving most of the fabric plain. Once these dresses have bands of embroidered heading an inch wide, with ribbon drawn through its ladder-like bars. Some pretty waists of gingham dresses are made entirely of this "all over" heading, with bands of blue-striped gumpies stitched across the rows of heading, and the gingham folded flat and drawn through the heading. Pretty French models have all the edges of skirt and bodice wrought with white in squares and scallops that fall over an embroidered waist. A sack of white muslin three fingers wide is worn with colored gingham dresses and is trimmed on the ends to match the dress trimming. It is folded thick around the waist and tied at the back in soft loops with hanging ends. For girls of four years checked or striped gumpies are pretty made with the round waist laid entirely in half-inch box plait, the half-inch square neck having a space of two inches as straps on each shoulder, and trimmed all around with turned over revers like those of a shirt's skirt, buttoned in square, not quite an inch in size, with an embroidered white frill falling beneath the revers. A similar frill is around the oiled armholes. The skirt of three full breadths is edged with the embroidered squares and a frill, the white muslin sash, three-fifths wide, is worn all around the waist instead of being merely at the back, as it was worn last year. The gumpie is tucked and feather-stitched muslin with very full sleeves.

## MADE A RIVER BY ORDER.

The Subordinate Received a Lesson in Obeying Instructions.

One of the annoyances of a commander's life is a subordinate officer who discusses orders and makes trouble, whenever he can, and who is not content with punishment, of one of these whose tendency was to divide "his hair" twice south and southwest side, an amusing story is told in "Campaigning with Crook," says the Argosy.

Colonel Royal, commanding a cavalry brigade, ordered his staff officer to "put that battalion in camp on the other side of the river, facing east." The officer marched his command to the spot, but, as Colonel Royal soon saw, instead of obeying instructions, he was merely trying to show his own ideas. The colonel put him in his horse, dashed entirely through the stream and reined up halfway across the river. "Didn't I order you," he roared, to put your battalion in camp along the river, facing east?" "Yes, sir, but this ain't a river, it's only a creek," answered the half-breed.

"Well, sir, it's a river—a river, from this time forth, by order, sir. Now do as I tell you."

A Bright Child.  
Mr. Graham looking at poultry—You have quite a number of hens, haven't you, Elsie? Little Elsie—Yes, sir; but two of those hens are roosters.

MONSIEUR TENDRE—DIDAL, he has taken a beautiful sleep. Price 25 cents a bottle.

## CUNNING POLICEMEN;

or The Done-Up Burglars.

[From the Philadelphia Master.]

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VII

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IX

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XI

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XIV

XV

XVI

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XIX

XX

XXI

XXII

XXIII

XXIV

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XXVI

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XXX

XXXI

XXXII

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XXXV

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XLI

XLII

XLIII

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## LIFE ON \$10 A WEEK.

The Secret of Small-Salaried Clerks' Stylish Appearance.

They Live Well, Dress Well and Astonish the Uninitiated.

Admired by Ladies and Envied by Men Who Wonder How They Manage It.

How young clerks on salaries of from \$8 to \$10 a week can live well, dress well, visit places of amusement, smoke good cigars and enjoy other luxuries besides, is to many people a study and a wonder. Yet it is done, and honestly, too.

It is, however, a struggle, but an invaluable lesson in thrift and economy, habits which, cultivated in youth, invariably have profitable results in after life.

The clerk is generally a young man from eighteen to thirty years of age. He is one of thousands who have a fair education, good moral training and respectable antecedents. He is not fitted for any special calling, but is ambitious to enter upon a business career.

He has a certain amount of ability, is a good penman and a fair accountant. His address is pleasing, in fact, he has all the qualifications of a clerk—the polite, refined and courteous young man met every day behind the counters of our large retail stores, in the counting-rooms of the great downtown business houses.

Besides being thrifty and economical the youth, after he enters upon his career as clerk, learns to be patient, to suffer and to wait, three prime Christian qualities, for notice the unstudied humility of his smile which accompanies his words as he says to the lady who promises to call some other day after making him take down and show every piece of goods on the shelf: "Oh, don't mention it, madame. No trouble to show goods, you know, and, bowing low, he adds: "Call again."

The clerk always smiles. It is part of his business to smile politely. He is paid for smiling and being courteous. These essentials of gentlemanly culture become distinctive characteristics of the clerk. This is why he is a ladies' favorite and why all the ladies speak of him as "awfully nice and sweet," and perhaps is the secret of his happiness on a small salary.

How low can he live on it—this small salary? This question still remains unsolved, a puzzle, even to the mind that has investigated it. Mr. Thackeray showed how and what a clerk might keep on nothing a year, providing bills were not paid, but the trick of the thing is that our young clerk does pay his bills, or at least the more he is honest, and mostly, no doubt, to put it flat, because he can't get rich.

No question stands. How is it that without kick at his tailor's or mercy from his landlady, and without also the apparent means, our young clerk manages to stick and tape can live as folks ought to live?

This matter has been looked into, and some of the mystic data collected for the benefit of the wondering readers of this column.

First, the clerk, however, has no reference to young men who live with their parents. It is with those who are altogether dependent on their own earnings that this article deals.

There is one particular portion of the city that the small-salaried clerk claims as his home—the uptown boarding-house. On this point, however, it is not due to the fact where he flourishes and practices his winning smile on the maidens of the neighborhood.

He believes that there is a great deal in appearances. In selecting his domicile, therefore, he prefers a brown-stone front to a plain, every-day brick house with a ugly free-escape in front. It gives people an impression that the elegant Mr. Counter Jumper must be a man of importance when he can live in such style. But little do they know the many personal sacrifices he makes to remain in the stylish and keep his best coat and his best shoes.

He is the first in the boarding-house out of bed in the morning, urging and hurrying the cook to get his breakfast on the table. Although he is not due at the store before 8 o'clock he is out of the house by 7, his modest lunch, which the cook has prepared for him, cannot be tucked away in his pocket that it will not betray him. He is poor but proud, you see.

None of the other boarders are up when he leaves the house. Not for worlds would he have them suspect that he carries his lunch down town.

It is a matter of 60 cents a week to him whether he rides or walks. He walks; hence his early departure from home to reach the store in time. In his own mental artist and imparts an economical shine to his own shoes in the privacy of his own room, a saving of other important items of expense.

Thus he manages to get along on his meagre weekly stipend. This is how he does it:

Board and lodging.....\$6.00  
Free and easy, but not half full......75  
Laundry......50  
Amusement......50  
Clothes......1.50  
Miscellaneous......75  
Total per week.....\$10.00

The struggle for the young man who earns a salary of only \$8 a week is much harder. He does not soar as high in the matter of brown-stone front boarding-houses, but in many other respects the comparison is similar.

The man who receives a salary of \$12 or \$15 a week enjoys a princely income in comparison to his less fortunate companions. He rides and from business smokes cigars instead of coffee and enjoys many other luxuries. He is considered a high roller—a high roller on \$12 or \$15 a week.

But it is in a social way that our young friend shines. He has an extensive circle of acquaintances, including girls, and as he is either a musician or a charming conversationalist he is always in demand. Thus he manages to put in his evenings pleasantly and profitably. Once or if his finances will permit, twice-a-week he goes to the theatre. On such occasions he meets with the society of the gods. His other evenings being spent among the angels, life is like a pleasant dream to him.

Some of these started in life with a stout heart, a great deal of determination, pluck and energy as their only capital. Why should a young man on \$10 a week do the same?

## "NOAH'S ARK."

I would not advise anybody to go to Niblo's

in a condition of Hamilton, for the present production, "Noah's Ark," will not submit to critical analysis with any degree of grace. It is a kaleidoscope affair. You turn the glass—and behold a murder; another turn—and you get a ballet; a third turn—and you see a tenement-house on fire, with all the details and of course a nice rescue; a fourth turn and a short-skirted aubrette does a song and dance. In this wealth of material you may find something to suit you.

Technically "Noah's Ark" is well worth watching. The artists have been accurate in painting New York's well-known localities very vividly. Chrystie street is well shown; the City Hall Park is distinctly recognizable; the roof garden of the Casino is an admirable piece of work, and a scene to the Fifth Avenue must also be commended. As a series of striking tableaux, punctuated by wearisome recitatives, and dominated by a couple of aggressive Irish comedians, Ryan and Murphy, who are perpetual irritations, "Noah's Ark" may be accepted without quibbling, as a melodrama; never, it is excusable; as a farce, it is absurd; and even as the dramatic picture claimed by the programme it is uninteresting.

Mr. Hart's intentions, were, I am sure, excellent. He provided a story that could have been well told, and he engaged a cast that could have done good work. Miss Lonsdale Young, an excellent